§18. *My Brother Is Murdered*

Shortly after this my elder brother was killed. We two had grown up together and had hardly ever been separated. I felt quite heartbroken over it. I longed to kill the man who had murdered him. I felt that it would be better if I myself were dead. In this frame of mind I took to drinking a great deal. Indeed it was my wish to die drinking and I would announce this when I was drinking heavily. Up to that time I had drunk secretly, but now I did so openly. Soon I became a confirmed drunkard. By that time I had quite forgotten the fact that I had wanted to die. Indeed I enjoyed drinking very much.

I got into the habit, then, of giving women whisky and getting them hopelessly drunk and then I would steal anything of value they possessed. I also learned to box and soon became quite expert. I was never defeated, and in consequence treated every one roughly. Every one was afraid of me because of my skill with the gloves. My father was a strong man and so were my elder brothers, and neither of them had ever been defeated at wrestling. For all these reasons I was very arrogant. Besides all this I was very tall. I am six feet two inches high and weigh about two hundred and fifty pounds. In actual fact I was not really as strong